Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halte. chekt Bitte, and a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrained to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, and not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome old humor pricks him to this faſhion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoeere he comes.

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be theſe gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparel'd as I wiſh you were.

Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnuſuall prodigie?

Bap.

Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your we
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not co
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of impo
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your w
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike your ſelfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh t
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withall.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from he
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at C

Tra. See not your Bride in theſe vnreue
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of min

Pet. Not, I believe me, thus Ile viſit he

Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marri

Pet. Good ſooth euen thus: therefore
To me ſhe's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poore accoutrements
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſe
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Br
And ſeale the title with a louely kiſſe.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he goto Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of

Tra. But ſir; Loue concerneth vs to ad
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It ſkills not much, weele fit him to our turn
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)